Volume LXXXIII CHICAGO, March 6, 1919 Number 1

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

FREEDOM —Not only freedom from outside fetters of outgrown forms and external creeds, but freedom from one's own prejudices, timidities and conventionalities.

FELLOWSHIP —Not only fellowship with those we like but with those from whom we differ. Not the fellowship of our "own household" interpreted by denominational, national or racial lines, but the fellowship of the spirit, the fellowship that tries to make real the brotherhood of man and all which that should imply.

AND CHARACTER —The test and measure of the preceding quests. That is not freedom that does not make for goodness and that is not fellowship that does not ripen into love. "Character is the stone that cuts all other stones."

IN RELIGION —All three of these graces come into their full consciousness and highest potency at the altar of religion. Reverence, adoration, humility, service, all meet in the devout life.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones in UNITY, *March 1, 1917.*

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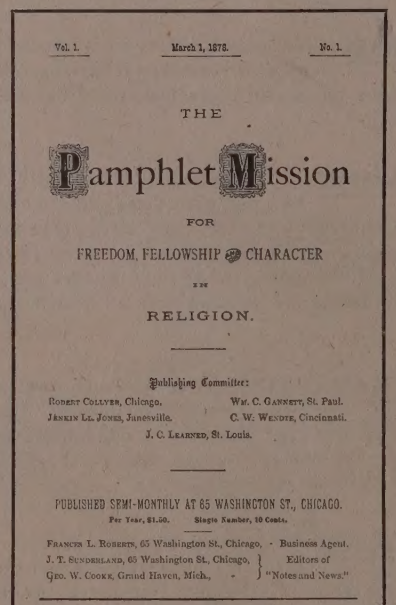

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1919 NUMBER 1

"SCUM O' THE EARTH."

I.

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them "scum o' the earth";

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates' land?
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the Master Praxiteles' hand?
So you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ's pass?
Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion worth,
That have doomed you to march in our "immigrant class"
Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth."

II.

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvorak took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that they're nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavic nations
Are "polacks"—and "scum o' the earth."

III.

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
A-stare at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth?—
You're only a "dago"—and "scum o' the earth"!

IV.

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong,—
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, ere long,
Who should carry the lambs on his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head.
Lo! 'tis the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth,
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despised
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

V.

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse," we name them
And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong,
Help us to father a nation strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

—Robert Haven Schauffler.

An Acknowledgment and an Announcement

The Assistant Editor of UNITY desires to return thanks to the subscribers who for the six months since the death of the Senior Editor have shown the most wonderful loyalty and consideration. There have been very few discontinuances during this period, some new subscriptions, and frequent words of appreciation and encouragement. With this issue the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York, and Mr. Francis Neilson of Chicago, assume the editorship of the paper. Mr. Holmes needs no introduction to UNITY readers; his name is a familiar one to them. Notwithstanding his marked individuality, no man could succeed Mr. Jones who would be more closely in accord with his spirit and purpose. Mr. Neilson, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, at one time a member of the English Parliament, author of

"How Diplomats Make War" and "A Strong Man's House," is well qualified to speak on international matters which in these days of world complications are of such vital interest.

With such leaders the future of UNITY looks increasingly bright. The old ideals beckon them as they beckoned the Senior Editor of forty years ago to consecrate his life to the task of making them real. The old motto, "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion" challenges the best that is in them as it challenged the noble band of men who combined to found the little sheet first known as the Pamphlet Mission in 1878. To commemorate the names of the founders of UNITY, pioneers of free religion in the West, the title page of the first issue has been reproduced on page 2.

We bespeak from the friends of UNITY under the new editorship a continuance of the loyalty which has upheld it in the past and enabled it to live through many trying days.

EDITH LLOYD JONES,
Assistant Editor.

The Immigration Bill

It would doubtless have been possible to frame a worse bill—one with more invidious discriminations between countries, classes or individuals, or with more drastic penalties for the violation of its provisions. But the bill which is shortly to come before the House of Representatives . . . is so thoroughly vicious that it ought to be condemned both within Congress and without.

It is with these words that the New York *Nation* indicts the so-called Immigration Bill recently reported to the House of Representatives by the affirmative recommendation of the House Committee on Immigration. It needs only a cursory examination of the measure to understand the reason for so sweeping a denunciation. It provides, in effect, for the absolute exclusion from our shores of all foreign immigration for the period of the next four years. There are the usual exceptions, of course. Government officials, teachers, authors, artists, physicians, travelers, and the immediate relatives or dependents of permitted aliens or American citizens, are to be admitted. A foreigner who can qualify as a chemist or an engineer may also come in. Persons who have suffered for their religious beliefs—not for their political beliefs, be it noted!—are still welcome. Certain countries, such as Canada, Newfoundland and Mexico, are not affected by the bill. But no one of these exceptions, or all of them taken together, will alter to any considerable degree the main fact, which is the exclusion of all that great mass of foreigners—laborers skilled and unskilled, merchants, farmers—who may desire in the future as so largely in the past, to work out their political and economic salvation in this country. For the first time in the history of America, the gates of entry are to be closed, locked and barred! Liberty is to turn her back upon those who seek her light!

It is difficult to be patient with such a proposed piece of legislation as this which has come from Mr. Burnett and his Committee. A few aliens, at a time of unprecedented stress, have been found to be undesirable. Therefore, these representatives affirm, all aliens must be kept out of the country! The conclusion is as illogical as it is immoral. It would be difficult to estimate what we owe to the immigrant tides which have swept into this land in decades past, as rivers of sweet water pour from the distant hills. There is no labor of mining, tunneling, road-building, irrigation, farming, manufacturing, which has not felt the brawn and fibre of their hands. There is no field of enlightenment and culture which has not been enriched by their spiritual contributions. There is no place of public service which has not been honorably occupied by their representative champions and leaders. In the larger sense of the word, of course, we are all immigrants, and all America, therefore, the product of alien toil and thought. But taken only in its narrower and more familiar signification, the word "immigrant" still implies the essential fabric of the nation's life. The Great War was the final and perfect illustration of our alien origin, and the merging of that origin in the noblest type of heroic patriotism and devotion. Hundreds of thousands of men of English, Irish, French, Italian, Russian, Scandinavian, Hungarian, even German and Austrian extraction—some of them only removed by a single generation from their native soil—marched away gladly and valiantly to Europe, there to do battle and, if need be, lay down their lives, for the country of their adoption and the democratic civilization of which they regarded this country as the supreme embodiment. And yet, just because a few isolated individuals have been seditious, a few labor troubles broken out, and a few strange doctrines of social change have made their appearance, all this is to be forgotten! It would be incredible, if it were not true, laughable, if it were not so pitiful!

Such intolerant action at any time by this great republic of ours, would be a disaster, for it involves repudiation of all our traditional ideals of asylum and opportunity, and open insult to millions of our most loyal and devoted citizens. But what are we to think of this legislation being proposed at the moment when the whole world is stirred by the dream of internationalism, and statesmen of all great powers of the earth are assembled in Paris for the express purpose of bringing mankind together into some kind of an organization for mutual security and welfare? Could anything be more significant of our distrust of internationalism than this closing of the gates in the face of those who would come to our shores as to the one place where internationalism has been tested and approved? Could any action more surely indicate our distrust of the nations with whom we are now seeking to make solemn league and covenant, than this rejection of those of their people who want to share their

fortunes with ourselves? Just to debate this proposed legislation, to say nothing of passing it, is to announce to all the world that America proposes to live henceforward for herself alone. It is to proclaim the ending of her period of idealism, and the beginning of a new period of imperialistic nationalism. We are trusted abroad today, said President Wilson, on landing recently in Boston, as in no other country in the world; but it is certain that such trust cannot long survive the rearing of such a Chinese Wall as this which is desgined by Mr. Burnett.

It is probable that this Immigration Bill will die with the present Congress. The spirit which conceived and fostered it, however, will still be with us. And what are we to think of this spirit? Is it mere hysteria, incidental to the war? Is it immaturity, inevitable in a country so young and unformed as our own? Or is it fear, resulting in breakdown of civic morale? Whatever the nature of the case, the results are equally amazing and deplorable. We enter the War, and straightway pass espionage and censorship acts unexampled in our history! Our courts fix sentences, in punishment of violations of these acts, of unprecedented ferocity! Our military authorities persecute conscientious objectors in ways not known since the Middle Ages; and use courts martial for enforcement of army discipline with a severity so terrible as to shock the nation! Labor troubles break out, and wholesale deportations become instantly the fashion! President Wilson returns from abroad, and twenty Spaniards are arrested under suspicion of an assassination plot, only to be released for lack of even a scintilla of evidence! And here, as a crowning evidence of our nervous collapse, is this Immigration Bill, proposing a complete reversal of our highest and finest ideals! These events constitute a truly amazing phenomenon in natural psychology. It will be interesting to see, a quarter of a century or so hence, what is the judgment of history on this period.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Very Central Doctrine

In a recent issue of *The Nation,* an appeal is made to business men, industrialists, and men of affairs of constructive imagination to put themselves disinterestedly at the service of their country. The appeal is prompted by the very serious condition in which we find the people, now that they are faced with economic and political problems that strike at the root of American institutions. "One might well ask what is the practical outcome of the traditions of a century and a half of republicanism if at last the popular will can be registered only behind the barricades," and then the writer goes on to deal with the possibility of revolution in the United States, and asks "where in our society is the intelligence, the constructive imagination and the experienced sense of affairs, that can take an accurate measure of its terms, co-operate with its beneficent tendencies, and insure its progress against the disgraceful and retarding accompaniment of violence?" This is a highly pertinent question to put. And now the soldiers' war is over, is it not time to demand a restoration of civil liberty. This is imperative if the foundations of America are to remain for us to rebuild thereon our shattered institutions. The people certainly deserve better of the Government. As *The Nation* says, they have "shown an almost inconceivable patience and docility under every possible manifestation of official arrogance, ignorance, stupidity, hypocrisy, and anarchy. And now, at the present crisis we have offered to us, as a sane and competent measure of the situation, the Senate Judiciary Committee, authorized to 'swoop' into the reported 'spread of Bolshevism.' Admirable indeed was the New York *World's* observation that the Congress is one of the two chief agencies for promoting Bolshevism in the United States."

It is impossible for this state of affairs to continue much longer. The lesson of the aftermath of war in Europe seems to be unheeded by Congress and local repressive societies scattered over the country. There is anarchy developing under the cloak of authority, and it must inevitably lead to a clash. Already serious-minded people of vast interests are asking whether war repressions and restrictions are not senseless aggravations now hostilities are ended. The land of the free and the brave must assert itself, if our time-honored constitutions are worth preserving. Our declarations and practice do not at present connect at any point, and many a sneer turns on the lips of worthy American men and women who think of what we were and what we have now become.

The story is a long one and not nice reading, that story of deportation, of imprisonment, and cruelty, suffered by so many for acting in accord with some of America's greatest traditions. When we think of Thomas Paine we tremble at the thought of what would be done to him if he were with us today. What would Congress do to Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman? Garrison would find this a time of greater trial than the '60's. According to the actions of some judges and juries we wonder how those among us who have steadfastly upheld the moral integrity of our tradition have escaped trial. When the Espionage Law can be used to curtail freedom of speech and press is it surprising to find complaints made that it is more of a weapon than a legal instrument. No one of political prominence has felt, it is said, the severity of this law; only the men and women who are in most cases without any political power have been made to feel the full force of the weapon. Some people calling themselves Socialists, some opponents of the economic

system, some protestants against war, have suffered harshly. But not so much for any serious infringement of the spirit of the act as from deep-rooted political and social prejudice. If this be so, and this construction of the matter is now freely stated by many, it is an allegation no real American dare ignore for long. As to the sentences imposed on the accused in many of these cases they, more than any other aspect of the prosecution, reveal an amount of intolerance and vindictiveness which remind us strongly of Jeffreys and the action of the courts of Cobbetts' day.

And for what? Does anybody seriously suggest precedents for such methods? What happened to those men who denounced Lincoln? They went scot-free. Only the judgment of the time fell upon them. But no one would attempt to draw a parallel between the language used against Lincoln and the language of protest used today. The force and bitterness of the opposition now and then will not bear comparison. Really there never was a period when there was such a humiliating exhibition of moral cowardice in the well-to-do civilian community as we have witnessed during the past four years. Fear, panic, and hysteria, at times seem to have overwhelmed the reason of most of the emergency committees. The people themselves were never so dragooned, hustled, and intimidated. And now more of these methods are promised. The threatened investigation into the spread of what is called Bolshevism—blessed word to the ignorant official—which is merely another term for *Sans Culotte,* and used for the same purpose, will encourage certain private societies organized to protect vested interests to set up a machine which will vomit intolerance and spite against all and every legitimate grievance and constitutional opposition. Do the gods really make men mad before they destroy them?

The campaign is begun. We hear from North Dakota that Governor Frazier has received a telegram from Mr. Clyde P. Steene, President of the National Association of City Editors, notifying the Governor that he has been selected to serve on a Board of Governors set up for the purpose of directing a nation-wide campaign against anarchy in general and Bolshevism in particular. The reply of Governor Frazier is excellent. He says:

> Here in North Dakota we believe the best protection against revolution is to assist rather than retard evolution, and in this State it is the intention of the Administration to remove discontent and prevent disorder by remedying the legitimate economic complaints of the people instead of trying to stamp out just grievances. As a consequence we have a contented citizenry in North Dakota, which believes in upholding our Government and achieving political progress by orderly and constitutional methods.
>
> As I stated before, I am in hearty sympathy with the announced aims of your association and will cordially co-operate with you to the end that American liberties, American homes, American labor and American schools be built up and bettered, but in all candor I want to warn you against the danger of allowing this move to be misdirected into a camouflaged campaign against those liberal forces in America which stand for the improvement of industrial and political conditions.
>
> Personally, I feel that Bolshevism is not the only peril to this country. In my opinion the spirit of Bourbonism is even more threatening to the security of our institutions, for, scanning back through history, it seems to me that Bourbonism always precedes and is the cause of Bolshevism.

This puts the whole matter in a nutshell. It is Bourbonism at its worst which is causing all the political and industrial ferment. But the Bourbons of our day are hard-shell specimens to the core.

What then must we do? Let us quote from a great authority:

> I am particularly interested to observe that the men who cry out most loudly against what they call radicalism are the men who find that their private game in politics is being spoiled. Who are the arch-conservatives nowadays? . . . They are the men who entrenched themselves in the laws which they misinterpreted and misused. If now they are afraid that "radicalism" will sweep them away,—and I believe it will,—they have only themselves to thank.
>
> Yet how absurd is the charge that we who are demanding that our government be made representative of the people and responsive to their demands,—how fictitious and hypocritical is the charge that we are attacking the fundamental principles of republican institutions! These very men who hysterically profess their alarm would declaim loudly enough on the Fourth of July of the Declaration of Independence; they would go on and talk of those splendid utterances in our earliest state constitutions, which have been copied in all our later ones, taken from the Petition of Rights, or the Declaration of Rights, those great fundamental documents of the struggle for liberty in England; and yet in these very documents we read such uncompromising statements as this: that, when at any time the people of a commonwealth find that their government is not suitable to the circumstances of their lives or the promotion of their liberties, it is their privilege to alter it at their pleasure and alter it in any degree. That is the foundation, that is the very central doctrine, that is the ground principle of American institutions.

This statement of the position of the American people in relation to their government was made by President Wilson, and is to be found in *The New Freedom,* a book made up from his campaign speeches delivered in 1913. There is excellent, wise advice in that little volume, one that should be read now in every home in this country. He tells us the way to resume is for us to resume control of our government. This is the immediate task of the American people if they would save American institutions and preserve the democratic spirit of the law and custom of our land. In that way a revolution of violence will be averted; in that way and no other.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

Premier Lloyd George, in a statement in *Reuter's Limited,* on the subject of conscription, said:

"On the eve of this important election, which means so much to the country, I wish to make it clear beyond all doubt that I stand for the abolition of conscript armies in all lands. Without that the peace conference would be a failure and a sham. These great military machines are responsible for the agony the world has passed through and it would be a poor ending to any peace conference that allowed them to continue. Any delegate that represents Great Britain at that conference must labor to the end I have stated."

CORRESPONDENCE

The following letter from Mr. Gannett to Mrs. Carnovale, President of the Unity Publishing Company, is a valuable and interesting contribution to the early history of UNITY.—Ed.

Dear Mrs. Carnovale:

You ask if Mr. Jones were "Founder of UNITY." No one person was "Founder of UNITY"—it was a group, of whom three or four were more active in the beginning than Mr. Jones was able to be. Were one to unearth the correspondence that preceded publication, I imagine that Mr. Jones, C. W. Wendte and myself would be found to have been the chief planners and initiators. For some time there must have been a felt need of, a dream, a yearning for such a paper in the West. George Chainey at Evansville, Ind.,—David Utter, in the far West of Olympia, W.T., —George Willis Cooke at Sharon, Wis.,—had all started little sheets of their own. But something with wider horizon was needed for inter-communication between the far-separated churches. We were all of us young ministers, busy and *poor,* and whatever was done had to be done very humbly,—we begged $600 from friends the first year to subsidize the venture. The easiest way to start seemed to be as a small fortnightly, securing promises beforehand for one solid sermon each issue, and simply adding a few pages of "Notes and News." So that was the way we began March 1, 1878, the plan suggesting the name, "Pamphlet Mission," and our purpose the motto, "For Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." The two men who consented to pull the editorial oars the first year were J. T. Sunderland, then of Chicago, and G. W. Cooke who had moved to Grand Haven, Mich., —their "Notes and News" showed hard and increasingly good rowing. The second year, Henry Simmons, then at Kenosha, became "Editor," the pamphlet having by that time grown bigger, changed shape, and been re-named as "UNITY." Frances Roberts was the devoted, the *consecrated,* business agent in Chicago. Robert Collyer, named first on the "Publication Committee," was put there because his name had conjuring power in the West; he wrote the "Greeting to the Public," furnished the first sermon, and was always sympathetic; but he was no organizer and never did very much. The others were Learned, Jones, Wendte and myself. Jones, I feel quite sure, was in consultation on everything, and as he went about on his missionary trips could interview people and talk the thing up; but he was too busy in other ways to give much direct time to it. He had not only his Janesville parish to care for, but was helping to put the infant Sunday School Society on its feet, and, as "Missionary Secretary" of the Western Conference on nominally quarter-time, was stirring the dry bones to life all over the Mid-West Unitarian field,—by far outworking any of us.

UNITY "volumes" have been half-years. I have been looking through the first volume, the only one with the name "Pamphlet Mission" (March to Sept., 1878), and find but one signed "note" by him,—a local Conference report. During the next half-year (the first volume with the new name UNITY) he has three or four "Notes from the Field," a longer Western Conference report for the year, and an elaborate paper on Sunday School Organization. In the third and fourth volumes (1879-80) he has a paper on Emerson, a sermon, a stirring W. U. C. report, and doubtless a few "Notes." But his UNITY work of importance only began with the fifth volume, that is, the third year (1880-1881), when he became "Editor." Soon after that he moved to Chicago as full Secretary of the Conference, and from this time on did more and more for it, though with much assistance, until in the course of years, as you know, he assumed financial responsibility, the various subsidies were pledged and provided, various groups of editorial contributors came and went,—and at last it became his almost personal organ, the wider circumference of his All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre. In the later time none helped so much as you on the money-side to steady and ensure its on-going. . . . And so by the time his face lighted on that September morning last year, his last morning on earth, when the first "released" number was put in his hands, the paper was forty years old, and had been the companion of more than half his own life-time!

Oddly enough, only a month or two ago Mr. Wendte happened to send me back several old letters of mine to him, written just in that 1877-1880 time, when the half-dozen of us were trying so hard to liven things Unitarian in the West. They show vividly what I mean by the "group" work in UNITY's start. As to the authorship of the preliminary circular to the public, sent out at the start, about which you specially ask, I don't recall anything, but from these letters should judge that I drafted it and sent it to Wendte and Jones and quite possibly others for revision and suggestion. I see too, what I had also forgotten, that in the first number of the "Pamphlet Mission" (pp. v-viii) it is my initials that are signed to the article, "setting forth the ideas and purposes which have given this Pamphlet Mission its birth."

No: Jones, as always in everything in which he took part, was most helpful, but others had a larger share than he in the actual origin of the little paper. As one of these old letters hints, he couldn't always answer my UNITY letters promptly, because "his arms are piled up to his eyes with work and it covers his mouth." Not far along in UNITY's life he became the "Washington" of it, if you will; but it would not be truth to call Washington the "Founder" of the United States,—that biggest of Unities,—would it?

About the name UNITY: I have been hunting in vain for a letter that Wendte wrote me last year in which, if I remember aright, he seemed to think that that name was really hatched out together between him and Jones in a Boston parlor! If so, there was a forgotten pre-existence to the "Wisconsin wood-pile" story that Jones and Simmons were fond of telling. Jones tells the story in his editorial for March 3, 1888, "Unity Ten Years Old To-day," and Simmons two years later in UNITY of March 1, 1890. I don't remember that wood-pile myself, but with two such vouchers am going to believe in it. If you want to know the precise day on which the name probably rose on us there, I find jotted against the story in my bound copy of UNITY, the date "June 11, 1878." Just a week before that, Jones as missionary agent had told the Western Conference, meeting in Chicago, "We need above all things the newspaper for which the Pamphlet Mission is the John the Baptist" (see UNITY for Nov. 1, 1878, p. 112); which shows how early we were planning for larger and better things.

W. C. GANNETT.

"An Eye-Witness from Russia"

I.

The writer of this and the articles which will follow has been in Russia since the autumn of 1916 engaged in relief work under the Society of Friends' War Victims Relief Committee. His work has brought him into an intimate contact with the peasants in their villages, and has enabled him to see their life and follow their thoughts from an unusually close range.

After leaving the town of Buzuluk in July, 1918, he travelled across Siberia in close touch with the Czechs during their slow advance, and was able to watch the political events as they might have been seen by newspaper correspondents had they been there, and at the same time, because of his peasant pronunciation of Russian and familiarity with the Russian people, to catch the drift of undercurrents which are less visible from the view-point of those whose dealings led them into high places.

FROM THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN JANUARY 21, 1919

The relief unit of which I was a member went to the Buzuluk department of the Samara government in the summer of 1916, and worked almost all the time in the villages of that district. My contact with the people of Russia in this way was rather unique in that as a country doctor I was brought close to the home life and customs of the peasants and I obtained an insight into the minds of a people who are slow to reveal themselves to strangers.

During the successive changes in government I watched the developing political consciousness of the peasants and noted their gradual change in attitude towards the Government and their generosity of sentiment with regard to it. I was always treated well in the villages, because my work was one which was considered of social value, and as a physician I was regarded as a workman with special training and therefore a valuable acquisition to the district.

In July, 1918, after the Czechs had captured the province and the railway and a Te Deum had been sung in the Cathedral in Samara by the Archbishop because Siberia was rid of the Bolsheviks, I travelled to Samara on the way to England. In that town I came into contact with the American Y. M. C. A. and the Czech officials, and mixed with consuls and in Russian society for the first time. I was now no longer a workman valuable because of special training, but a foreigner, and as I was in uniform I appeared to be a person of rank or position. I saw the gulf that lay between the upper classes and the peasants. Detached from the land, having interests in the problems of empire, the upper classes seemed hardly of the same people as the moujiks, whose chief concerns were in the social relationships and government of their village communities. I was treated as a "traveller," and told the Russian society people about the life of their own peasants.

The journey through Siberia was eased by the fact that I carried official papers for the Samara branch of the American Consulate General in Moscow and because of the kindness which the Czechs extended to the English and Americans. I received letters of recommendation which gave me the privilege of having reserved coupés when the trains were so crowded that each car had an average of ten people on the roof. At the stations the thousand passengers turned out of the carriages and cattle trucks (there was one of the former to forty of the latter) to stretch themselves or get boiling water for tea. In the rush to get hot water or buy food the sense of equality which the Revolution brought asserted itself, and foreign officer and peasant, Englishman, Russian, Kirghis, stood in line and waited their turn. Things were different in the old regime.

By means of the letters of recommendation I was able to reach Irkutsk from Samara in the amazingly short period of ten days, changing from passenger trains to hospital trains, to military trains, to peasant's carts as occasion demanded, the line not being continuous owing to bridges being destroyed. There I was delayed two months owing to the Bolsheviks still being in force (and fighting) round Baikal and Chita. In Irkutsk I lived with General Illyashavitch, ex-Chief of Staff of the Third Siberian Army Corps (old regime), with whom I used to talk far into the night on the political situation. From him and from the members of the Consular Corps, from the representatives of the Social Revolutionary Right, and from peasants and workmen with whom I talked I was able to get a variety of new political impressions which led me to suspend judgments which I may have formed with respect to Bolshevism, just as under the influence of the peasants I had learned to suspend judgment on the administration of the old regime.

Travelling through Manchuria and in Vladivostok I came for the first time into contact with the Allies, and so added another political point of view to my collection.

My impression on that journey was that I was travelling in a different direction from that usually taken by foreigners; I was travelling from the village, the life of the village, to the city, and so on to foreign opinions. The experience led me to reflect on the basis on which most opinions on Russia are formed. The village was not to me a curiosity, it was normal Russian life; the opinions of the village were the first Russian opinions I gathered first-hand. As they differed greatly from my usual stock of ideas I began to see the necessity of analysing the sources of all opinions, and so when I talked with consuls, generals, engine-drivers, and moujiks I found myself first trying to see whence they received their ideas, and next what were their ideas in life and in government.

JOHN RICKMAN.

PETER PAN.

"The boy for whom Barrie wrote Peter Pan—the original of Peter Pan—has died in battle."—*New York Times.*

And Peter Pan is dead? Not so!
When mothers turn the lights down low
And tuck their little ones in bed,
They know that Peter is not dead. . . .

That little rounded blanket-hill;
Those prayer-time eyes, so deep and still—
However wise and great a man
He grows, he still is Peter Pan.

And mothers' ways are often queer:
They pause in doorways, just to hear
A tiny breathing; think a prayer;
And then go tiptoe down the stair.

—*Christopher Morley.*

"Songs for a Little House,"
(George H. Doran, New York.)

THE STUDY TABLE

*BIRTH.

The author of BIRTH, by her friendship for the late Editor of UNITY, and her close connection with the Tower Hill Congresses as well as by her earlier publications, has won for herself a loyal circle of friends among our readers. Zona Gale, in this, her latest novel, has recognized this comradeship of spirit by putting in bold relief on one of the otherwise blank pages at the opening of the volume these words from the pen of the late Editor of UNITY: "The world's greatest need is a sense of the intangible." The quotation is the key to the story that follows.

In "Birth" Miss Gale has revealed the laws by which life comes to itself; the laws by which men and women are born spiritually. But she does not preach. She sits by the wayside and with eyes that see tells of the forces that are operating there to make noble and beautiful the lives of those who fulfill them. But the author does not fail of reality in her story, for she finds the way to this spiritual birth to be through the fulfillment of the every-day human relationships in the family, the neighborhood, and one's vocation. The story is thoughtful and thought-provocating. It possesses the charm of clear, almost intuitive insight, into the laws of the spirit, and by no means fails of power to hold the interest of the reader tightly within its grip from the opening pages to the last. It is a story of real worth that will surely endure.

"Burage," is a small Wisconsin town not far from Chicago, whither go the women of the élite families on frequent shopping expeditions, returning with much to say about dinners in cosmopolitan hotels, and the popular bills at the theaters. Here are all the typical social classes, so characteristic of such communities. The picture is faithfully drawn, but sympathetically, and with discernment. The following illustrates. After naming various classes there is added:

> Also there were the Unmarried Middlings, partaking of all these classes, patronized by all, but belonging to nothing. Fossils. No one could say exactly why, but every one had the label ready—women who, in cities might even then have been in useful occupations, were at this period, in the little towns still awaiting excavation; and usually resisting the sound of pick and spade as not meet for womanly ears.

Can the careful observer of life in small towns fail to see how tragically true is this analysis? But this is not all of life in these communities, and Miss Gale says:

> Here and there sat those women who move in every society, and who do not classify for another reason; women before whom all the standards fall away, women, gentle, still, listening. There are a few in every town. Their emphasis is dissolved; their positiveness shot through with questioning, and wonder. They have ceased to vibrate like useful springs; it is almost as if they were making ready for some new birth; not of the flesh. In them is no struggle. . . . But these women have never constituted a book. When all beings have attained to such quietude, fiction and drama will disappear. But music, poetry and architecture will persist, for already they do not depend upon conflict.

The background against which Miss Gale would have her truth appear comes to notice here and there in such words as the following descriptive of a group of girls and young married women mingling with the crowd surging about a show which had come to town:

> They were like cats in the time of young birds. . . . These girls were all splendid in strength and development, with glossy, abundant hair and long bodies and red mouths. But their faces had stopped. That was it—some years back their faces had ceased. Now the girls could only wait for the faces of the next generation to take on whatever it was that their own features had been intending to express. It was strange to see these countenances arrested. A violence had somewhere been done. Where?

It might be said that to answer this great question the story is told. Marshall Pitt visits "Burage" as a salesman for a pickle house. He accidentally meets Barbara Ellsworth, who has just lost her father and is left alone in the world, with the responsibility of paying her father's debts. Pitt feels a sense of pity, and out of a blind feeling of compassion marries her. Barbara lives in the external things of life, crowds, dresses, dances, the big city—these appeal to her with tragic force. Pitt's sense of relationship never came to birth. The two are not happy. When it was known that a child would arrive in the home:

> In all that little town there could not be found any one to help Barbara to discern what was occurring. There never had been anybody to help her to discern relationship. To her no one had ever mentioned marriage as an art, daughterhood and neighborliness as roles requiring pains; that to take one's place as a member of a town is even more delicate a business than to take one's place behind a counter. . . . And this whole area upon which she now entered belonged to the limbo of things whispered about, commiserated upon, avoided; and associated with the risque. . . . If the mystery of birth might flame in the faces of us all, no one could wrong another.

Barbara, living in the externals of life, without other foundation is all unprepared to meet and overcome her desire to accept an opportunity to "be somewhere else and do something else." The opportunity came through acquaintance with a musician travelling with the show. Innocently she goes, and innocently she returns; but with a confused heart. Finally, leaving her child with a neighbor she departs, to face the world alone, and is lost to father and son until after many years they receive word of her illness in the city.

Long since, Pitt had consigned his son to the care of a neighbor, and gone in search of Barbara, driven by blind affection, without imagination. Not finding her he sets out to acquire a fortune by which he might educate his son, for he "Turned to Jeffrey with a passion which made the boy the symbol of the world. He was Pitt's world. Pitt lived for him, was happy only when he was with Jeffrey, in him found forgetfulness, found future, found life."

When the father returns after fifteen years, he and his son live together, but they do not understand one another. There is no spiritual union between them. Their love is inarticulate. Jeffrey had gradually taken on the likeness of the people with whom he associated, and was looking about for his place in the little town, forgetful of the longing for art which was in him, getting ready to lose that distinction which had been noted by a discerning observer who saw him as having: "Eyes of a person alive and thinking."

Then came the tragic death of Marshall Pitt who lost his life in an effort to save a dog from a burning building. This sorrow stabbed Jeffrey wide awake.

> Jeffrey seemed to himself like someone else, and his father seemed like someone else, and the place like another place. Jeffrey would have liked to take his father's hand, but he never had taken his hand, and he felt unable to do so. And now in any case he might only have touched his father's wrist, for both hands were bandaged.

When Pitt has gone Jeffrey comes to himself, to birth:

> Now, in his absence, Pitt was for the first time really pres-

*_Birth,_ by Zona Gale; the Macmillan Company, New York, 1918; $1.60 net.

ent to Jeffrey. For the first time, the boy felt his father's quality, felt his soul.

The boy then awakened goes to Chicago to pursue the once living hope, now come to life again, of becoming an artist. He goes to Chicago. He is driven by some impulse from without himself, works with greatly increased power, a new creature in a new world:

> It was as if he had been given over into the hands of some re-creating energy which was acting for him. And in him that potency had its way more definitely than evil has its strong will in a fallow place. He had become fallow to some lovely efficacy, some vigor acting for him, and at last with him. . . .

The story is worthy of the most careful reading by everyone who seeks for himself the full expression of his powers, and especially by those who would find the way by which to assist men and women lost to their best possibilities through the influence of the materialistic conceptions of life in the midst of which they have lived, to come to the full flower of their lives, the full potency and promise of life. And the way as we follow it here is the way of the fulfillment of human relationships. It therefore possesses reality. It has interest, charm, insight, vision.

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

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*THE MADMAN: His Parables and Poems.

Five years or so ago Kahlil Gibran came out of the East and into the West. He left behind him in his native Arabia an accomplished reputation as poet, painter, dramatist, critic and teacher. Rodin, the greatest of modern sculptors, met him and called him "The poet painter of Lebanon, the William Blake of the twentieth century." Others likened him to Tagore, saying that to the East Tagore belongs and to Gibran belongs the Near East. He wrote at first only in Arabic, but other languages came to him as needles to the magnet. His first book in English has just appeared. It is called: "The Madman: His Parables and Poems."

"The Madman" is so called because he is "a solitary personage who unmasks himself in the market place of human knowledge, strives to behold the depth of man's soul through the thin veil of man's wisdom and man's moral ethics. He loves life, and he hates life's shams. He would shake the giant tree, not only to eliminate its dead branches but also to send its roots deeper into earth." This is Gibran's own "explanation" of the title and central figure of his present volume.

Those who have have read Whitman and Carpenter have found in Gibran another genius of the same mould, but, they say, a greater genius in some ways. Vladimir Resnikoff, the blind Russian singer, tells us that to him "The Madman" is the greatest of books. He says, "No one can have any idea as to how much Gibran means to me,—his work, his spirit, his beautiful measures of song." No doubt Resnikoff shares with the Arabian that sensitive mystical something that occurs in all the noble souls that come out of the East, spiritual missionaries to our materialistic Western world.

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*_The Madman: His Parables and Poems,_ by Kahlil Gibran. $1.25. Alfred A. Knopf, Candler Building, New York City, publisher.

When "The Madman" came into our hands we had to judge it solely from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, for, fortunately or not fortunately, we are Anglo-Saxon. We have read Whitman and loved him, had followed the gentle leadership of Horace Traubel through "Optimos" and "Chants Communal," had known Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy" for many years, and, recently, had studied the fables of Lord Dunsany, that kindly Irish warrior-poet of "A Dreamer's Tales." In other words, we had served our fair and proper apprenticeship.

And we were fascinated by "The Madman." It is a marvelous book. Just seventy pages, but every page a volume; just a thin little tome, but crowded with wonder.

There are thirty-four fables or parables, each one a prose poem in the biggest sense of the word. Through them all runs the fine silken thread of the Orient, they are like pearls strung upon a string. They must have been written by a man on his knees, bending low in the noblest prayer.

Gibran, we think, must be young in years and old in life. He has youth's love of beauty and age's love of truth. He seems to have said in the beginning: "I will understand the verities, I will know what is not found wanting in the balance. I will weep and laugh with men everywhere, I will journey in all climes, and, wherever it is, I shall find an answer to my question."

But Gibran does not fit into any of the traditional niches. One cannot call him an optimist, nor a pessimist, nor a cynic, nor a priest. He is, however, clearly a seer, a prophet and a singer of sweetest art. Probably he sees, with his Eastern eyes, more truly and with more accurate precision than we do. The teachers of men always come from the East.

But "The Madman" is only a "Madman." He does not think of himself as any other thing. The question then is as to quality of "madness." Who, in this "mad" world, is most "mad"—the man called "sane" or the man called "not sane"? He who is "mad" today is "sane" tomorrow. Both terms are inexact.

Some "madness," however, is surely "sanity" of the very highest order. Jesus was called "mad" and his sincere followers have borne the same name all down the ages. Only the other day there was a "crazy Christian" in one of our great federal courts. Gibran may be "mad" and he may be "sane." After all, it does not matter very much.

The point is that his book is superbly true. If truth is unbalanced, his book is out of order. But truth, as we are told, has a static exactness in the scales. So, if the book is true, as it is, it may be weighed and found not wanting.

There is something subtle about each of Gibran's fables. The book invites thought, nay demands it. If you fear to think, do not try to read within these covers.

To those who love thought "The Madman" will be a deathless garden of delight, a paradise of wonderful sunlight where not even the foes of truth need be afraid.

Gibran has approached the West with a smile upon his lips. He has carried a priceless gift to offer us. He has come, like Christ, with love in his heart.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE NAMING OF UNITY.

SOME MORE HISTORY!

Editor UNITY:

In 1880, on a journey with Mr. Jones to a Western Conference at Mr. Hosmer's church in Cleveland, he told me how UNITY came to be named.

On a missionary trip in Wisconsin, Mr. Jones and Mr. Gannett, dissatisfied with the title "Pamphlet Mission," earnestly discussed a change of name.

Finding themselves marooned at the lonely side track, waiting for a freight train, Mr. Gannett sat down on the platform with pencil and paper, while Mr. Jones took a walk up the track. Upon his return he looked over Mr. Gannett's shoulder and saw a heading—"Unity." Clapping him hard upon the back Mr. Jones exclaimed: "That's it, Gannett, we have it!"

In the early days of UNITY Mr. Jones was fond of saying that the name was "the most ethical word in the language."

Under his editorial management no reader of UNITY could gainsay his large claim for it, or to feel that the title alone was a liberal missionary influence wherever the paper circulated.

The sub-heading was taken from the title of the only cloth bound volume ever published by the Free Religious Association, "Freedom and Fellowship in Religion," 1875, to which Mr. Jones added the word "Character."

FRED K. GILLETTE.

So. Bellingham, Wash., Dec. 10, 1918.

WOMEN IN 1919.

The year 1918 came in with no promise to the women of Great Britain, but it brought them citizenship and the entry into Parliament. With 1919 they believe—relying on definite promises—that their greatest legal disabilities will be removed, that they will be given the right to compete with men in industry on fair terms, that they will have equal pay for similar work, that professional barriers will be swept away, that they will be permitted to enter technical classes and schools which have hitherto been closed to them, and that their right to more important administrative and consultive positions will be recognized. They have the prospect of being able to organize themselves in order to safeguard their industrial and professional interests as they have never done before. They know that the welfare of women in domestic and family life, the health of women and of children, the healthful conditions of their life are to be given full and expert attention by the State, and they realize that if the State fails in this direction they now have the remedy in their own hands. They have proved themselves a political force. They await the eager considered overtures of politicians. They are ready to express their disapproval if performance does not come up to expectation.

And yet never did the opening of the year find the women of Great Britain in such a state of unrest. They are facing a new world in dark uncertainty, assured that if it does not bring tragedy it brings trials which must put a new strain on their courage, their endurance, and their quickened intelligence. Hundreds of thousands have been engaged in most arduous toil, so absorbed in their urgent work that they have had no time to look beyond the moment. Their hours have been apportioned for them, they have worked to the clock. They have had unusual demands upon their purses and an unaccustomed amount of money to spend. Now full of energy, intensely conscious of their powers and capabilities, they find themselves out of work, money going out as freely as ever, and the bottom of the purse painfully visible. They have in a very large number of cases no idea of what their occupation will be in three months' time; they cannot today visualize their future. They can only take their courage in both hands and go forward, determined to make the best of life that has never before seemed so well worth living.

That is the position of the women who have had to earn their living and who have to a large extent lost touch with their pre-war occupations. Then there are the hosts of women—many of them women of middle or older age—who have been for years busily and very happily engaged in hospitals, canteens, or in public offices on work that will also end very speedily. They had often, before the war brought its demands, fretted at the aimlessness of their lives. They had too often felt that they were of no value to their country, or, indeed, to anyone but themselves. They have been born again, have realized that without their patient, tireless work countless agencies devoted to war victims and the wounded must have closed their doors. In the midst of death and suffering they have for the first time known the zest of life, and they have known a new comradeship with women of all classes. Now their work has ceased, or is rapidly drawing to an end, and they cannot tolerate the prospect of return to the old trivialities.

The only solution of the problem is to be found in the word comradeship, and there are signs that this is understood—that the well-to-do women will bring what help they can to the industrial workers. It is, for instance, an excellent thing that the difficulties of domestic service are now so generally recognized, and that there is such a widespread desire for the amelioration of conditions. The industrial women themselves are anxious not to accept terms that will make life harder for their fellows—they understand the value of organization—and to the disciplined, efficient, well-to-do women of the younger generation the nation may well look for an army of voluntary or paid social workers, ready for the big tasks that lie ahead.—*A Woman Correspondent in The Manchester Guardian.*

AN OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Government restriction has made it necessary to reduce the paper to 12 pages. The cost of printing and paper has more than doubled. Up to the present time the subscription price has not been raised, a step we are very unwilling to take. But in order to continue at present rates we need more subscribers. As an inducement to new subscribers we are making the following offer:

1 Year's subscription to UNITY including a copy of the new edition of *The Faith That Makes Faithful* by William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones . . $3.00

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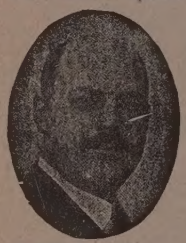

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